X-MEN

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X-MEN

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MARVEL COMICS GROUP

CYCLOPS MUST DIE!

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X-MEN! THE MOST UNUSUAL FIGHTING TEAM OF ALL TIME!™

WANTED: DEAD OR ALIVE--CYCLOPS!

ON YOUR FEET, CYCLOPS! I NEVER THOUGHT I'D LIVE TO SEE THE DAY WHEN--
--I'D HAVE TO ARREST AN X-MAN--FOR MURDER!
MURDER?!
THESE PYRAMIDAL PYROTECHNICS BY:
STAN LEE..... CHIEF PHARAOH
ARNOLD DRAKE..... SCROLL WRITER
DON HECK..... MUMMY DESIGNER
VINCE COLLETTA... HIEROGLYPHICS PERPETRATOR
JEAN IZZO.....GRAFFITI LETTERER
WAIT, O BREATHLESS ONES! WOULD YOU RISK THE WRATH OF RA AND THE EVERLASTING SPELL OF THE SPHINX BEFORE KNOWING HOW THIS CAME ABOUT? FEAR NOT, FELLAHIN! THE ANSWER LIES JUST BEYOND

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NOW IN THE NAME OF SANITY--

--DID I GET INTO A JAM LIKE THIS?

OH, YES--IT'S COMING BACK TO ME NOW! IT STARTED ON A LOVELY SPRING DAY--

"--ON THE CAMPUS OF OLD LANDON COLLEGE! ALL THE X-MEN HAD TURNED OUT TO CELEBRATE MY WELL-KEPT SECRET..."

HE MADE HIS NAME AS A CAMPUS ATHLETE, OF COURSE! BUT I'M PROUDEST ABOUT HIS GRADUATING THIRD HIGHEST IN HIS CLASS!

IMAGINE SCOTT HAVING A KID BROTHER--AND NEVER ONCE LETTING ON ABOUT IT!

DON'T MIND ADMITTING TO MYSELF THAT I'M PLEASED AS PUNCH THE WAY YOUNG ALEX TURNED OUT!

PLEASED TO MEET YOU, MR. McCOY!

PERSIST IN ADDRESSING US ALL IN THIS FORMAL FASHION, ALEX, AND YOU RISK ENDANGERING A WARM RAPPORT!

HIS ATHLETIC PROWESS HE WAS BORN WITH--BECAUSE, LIKE MYSELF, HE'S A MUTANT! ONLY HE'S NOT QUITE AWARE OF THAT--YET!

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GET OUT OF YOUR *CAP* AND *GOWN* AND WE'LL BUY YOU A BREW DOWN AT *JACK'S SHACK!* YOU'RE *OLD* ENOUGH, *NOW!*

THANKS, BIG BROTHER! BE WITH YOU IN TWO *SHAKES* OF A MORTAR-BOARD *TASSEL!*

STRANGEST PREMONITION AS I WALKED THROUGH THAT DOOR! LIKE SOME KIND OF *WARNING!*

WHA--?!

I HAVE HIM NOW, *BARESH!* QUICK-- THE RING OF *SILENCE!*

PHTTT!

HAIL TO THEE, *ALEXANDER SUMMERS!* WE BRING YOU GREETINGS FROM-- *THE PHARAOH!*

IT IS HERE, *BROTHER MALEK!* AND WITH ONE BREATH, THE BOY WILL SLEEP AS THOUGH *ENTOMBED!*

ALEX! WHAT'S *TAKING* YOU SO LO--

IT WOULD APPEAR THERE HAS BEEN A *SEVERE* ALTERCATION ON THE *PREMISES!*

--*GOOD GRIEF!*

SCOTT-- WHAT'S *JEANNIE* D--?

SHHHHH! SHE'S TRYING TO PICK UP *MIND PATTERNS* OF THE *LAST* PEOPLE IN THIS ROOM!

...YOU HAVE DONE *WELL*, MY SERVANTS! FOR, HERE LIES THE *ONLY* LIVING MAN WHO COULD CHALLENGE MY *POWER!* THE YOUNG FOOL DOES NOT REALIZE--

--THAT WITHIN HIM RUNS THE BLOOD OF *ROYAL EGYPT!* FEW MEN KNOW THAT--

--ALL OF THE *PHARAOHS* WERE MEN OF SPECIAL NATURAL POWERS --*MUTANTS!*

AS THIS ONE, LIKE *MYSELF*, IS SUCH A MUTANT! I FELT HIS BLOOD *CALL* TO MINE! THUS, I ORDERED HIS *CAPTURE!*

AND *NOW* I ORDAIN-- HIS *DEATH!*

CRACK!

AYEEEEEE! A POWER LIKE *TEN THOUSAND* BOLTS OF LIGHTNING *STRIKES!*

SO--THERE ARE *MORE* WHO POSSESS--

--THE POWER OF PHARAOHS THAN I HAD *DREAMED!* THEN *ALL* MUST PERISH!

SO SAYS THE *LIVING PHARAOH!*

HEADS UP, FELLOW MUTANTS! I DO BELIEVE THIS EGYPTIAN *THROWBACK--*

--AND HIS *LACKEYS*--MEAN US NO *GOOD!* TO BE MORE *PRECISE*-- THEY ARE VERITABLE *SCOUNDRELS!*

FWOOSH!

TELL YOUR BOYS TO BE CAREFUL WITH THOSE *PIGSTICKERS* PHARAOH-BABY!

THEIR SPEARS ARE THE *LEAST* DANGER YOU FACE HERE! BEHOLD MY MAGIC!

MAGIC, MY FOOT! HE'S A *MUTANT* MUCH AS *WE*, MEN! THIS COULD BE *COMPLICATED!*

VWOOSH!

AND AS FOR *YOU*, WINGED ONE--I BRING YOU TO THE EARTH LIKE MIGHTY *ICARUS*-- WHOSE WINGS MELTED AT THE *SUN'S* KISS!

CRACKLE

KA-ZAM!

CRACK!

OKAY *HOT-STUFF*--LET'S SEE IF *THIS* CAN--YOU SHOULD PARDON THE EXPRESSION--

--*COOL* YOU OFF!

KINDLY STAY OUT OF THEIR ALTERCATION, *SIR!* IT'S A *FAMILY* DISPUTE!

WOP!

SPEAK YOUR LAST WORDS TO *RA*, OR WHATEVER DIETY YOU *WORSHIP*--

HOLD IT, *PYRAMID POPPA!* YOU'RE ABOUT TO GET *DROWNED*--

--BY A *BRAIN WAVE*--

ZA-ZA-ZA-ZA!

YOUR POWERS ARE NOT TO BE *DEMEANED!* THEREFORE MUST I DROP THIS MAGIC *AMULET*--

AGAIN WITH THAT *MAGIC* TALK! WHAT HE MEANS IS HE'S DROPPED A *MINI-SMOKE BOMB!* AND IT SURE DOES PULL THE *SHADES* DOWN GOOD!

NOW, WHILE YOU STUMBLE THROUGH *CLOUDS* OF DARKNESS, I PRESS THE CONCEALED *BUTTON* WHICH WILL RELEASE MY LOYAL WARRIORS!

CLICK!

AYEE!

YOU WOULD HARM THE SACRED *LIVING PHARAOH*-- *DIE*, HIDEOUS INFIDEL!

FRZZZ!

TCH-TCH! IT'S *NOT* NICE TO *POINT* IN PUBLIC-- PARTICULARLY WITH A *KNIFE!*

BUSTER--YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR AN ICE CUBE *KIMONO!*

POP!

WHOOSH!

HELP IS ON THE *WAY*, MY FEATHERY FRIEND!

OOOOOPS! I'VE BEEN *PINNED*, BOYS--AND I DON'T MEAN WITH A *FRATERNITY* PIN! GIVE A HAND!

BWOMP!

NOW--IN CONCERT, MEN! LET THIS BE OUR GRAND *FINALE!*

OKAY--HERE'S *MY* CONTRIBUTION! NEAT--BUT NOT *GAUDY!*

AND WHAT'S *KID COOL* UP TO?

ME? I'M JUST CLOSING THE WHOLE SHOW, IS ALL--IN MY *OWN LOVABLE* FASHION! BY RINGING DOWN--AN *ICE CURTAIN!*

THUD!

I LIKE IT *BETTER* THIS WAY, PHARAOH! AND LET HIM WHO WEAKENS *FIRST* FALL BY THE WAYSIDE! HOWEVER--I HAVE NO INTENTION OF BEING THE *FALLEN!*

AND SO IT COMES TO *THIS*, MAN-OF-FLAMING-EYES--THAT *YOU* AND *I* HAVE THE *FINAL* CONTEST--

YOUR MUTANT POWER AGAINST MY *OWN!*

HE'S TOUGHER THAN I *THOUGHT!* OPTIC BEAM STARTING TO *WEAKEN*--!

MUST *HELP* CYCLOPS!

PERHAPS MY *MENTAL WAVES* CAN STOP THE PHARAOH!

ARGH!

WHAT'S *HAPPENING?* MY *BRAIN VIBRATIONS*-- BOUNCING *BACK* AT ME!

A WALL OF *SOUND,* WOMAN--MERELY *ANOTHER* POWER OF THE INDOMINATABLE PHARAOH! RESIST ANY LONGER--AND YOU SHALL *DIE* FROM THE *ECHO* OF YOUR *OWN* BRAIN WAVES!

EEEEE!

REEEE!

WATCH IT, BEAST! YOU GET TOO CLOSE TO THAT WALL OF SOUND VIBRATIONS AND IT'LL SHAKE THE TEETH FROM YOUR HEAD!

TH--TH--THAT'S AN IR--IR--IRREFUTABLE F--F--FACT!

REEEE!

REEEE!

THE BARRIER IS DIMINISHING--BUT IT'S STILL TOO ROUGH TO HANDLE! AND THEY'RE GETTIN' AWAY!

REEEEEEE!

WE'LL GET THEM, CHUM! BUT FIRST--I'M GOING TO BURN THOSE CHAINS OFF MY BROTHER'S WRISTS!

B-B-BROTHER? DID YOU SAY--BROTHER? I MEAN LIKE--

WOW!

ZAK!

WE GAIN THE PRISTINE IMPRESSION THAT YOU TWO SHOULD BE LEFT ALONE TO DISCUSS A FEW THINGS! SEE YOU BACK AT HEAD-QUARTERS, CYKE!

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, BEAST! WE WON'T BE LONG!

IT'S FUNNY, ALEX--HERE I'VE BEEN WAITING ALL THESE YEARS TO BE ABLE TO LEVEL WITH YOU, AND NOW--I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN!

I'VE GOT A DANDY NOTION! WHY DON'T YOU TRY BEGINNING AT THE BEGINNING?

OKAY--BUT IT'S THE *CRAZIEST* DARN THING! SUDDENLY I'M SHY ABOUT THIS AND--

WHAT'S THE *MATTER?* YOU AFRAID I'M GOING TO BE *ASHAMED* OF BEING THE KID BROTHER OF THE LEADER OF THE *X-MEN!*

CYCLOPS OR SCOTT--YOU'RE STILL THE *GREATEST!*

HEY--DID *YOU* HEAR SOMETHING?

YES--A *RUSTLING* SOUND--LIKE A *ROBE!* BUT WHERE *FROM?*

GOT TO FIND OUT *WHO--!*

YOU ARE *TOO LATE,* MAN OF THE BURNING EYES! FOR, I HAVE *RETURNED* UNNOTICED! AND NOW I BRING DOWN UPON YOU--

THE CURSE OF--THE *PHARAOH'S EYES!* NONE CAN ESCAPE THE *DARKNESS* THEY BRING!

STRANGE *LUMINESCENT* JEWELS GLEAMING AT US--*BURNING* RIGHT THROUGH TO THE *BRAIN!*

THE PHARAOH'S EYES--ARE *HYPNOTIC GEMS!* I--I'M *BLACKING OUT!*

DOWN, DOWN INTO A STYGIAN TUNNEL FROM WHICH THERE SEEMED NO RETURN! THEN, SLOWLY, CYKE'S HEAD CLEARED!

ON YOUR FEET, CYCLOPS! BOTH HANDS BEHIND YOUR HEAD!

STILL, I NEVER THOUGHT I'D LIVE TO SEE THE DAY WHEN WE HAD TO ARREST AN X-MAN--AND FOR--MURDER!

WE'VE NEVER TRUSTED YOU CRAZY, COSTUMED MUTANTS!

MURDER?

YOU HEARD US! THIS ONE WHO CALLED HIMSELF THE PHARAOH--HE'S DEAD AS THEY COME! AND YOU LYIN' THERE PRETENDING TO BE KNOCKED OUT!

HE DOESN'T REALIZE THAT ALEX WAS HERE WITH ME! AND IF I DIDN'T KILL THE PHARAOH--ALEX DID--AND RAN! THAT MEANS HE NEEDS MY HELP!

YOU'RE JUST GOING TO HAVE TO FORGIVE ME, GENTLEMEN! WHEN I'VE FOUND MY BROTHER--AND GOTTEN HIM STRAIGHTENED OUT--I'LL MAKE IT UP TO YOU!

WHOP!

ZZZ

HE *GOT AWAY!* HOW'S IT GONNA LOOK ON THE REPORT--HIM OVERPOWERING THE *TWO* OF US?

FORGET IT, FRED-- HE'S OVERPOWERED WHOLE *ARMIES!* THAT'S NOT WHAT GOT *ME!*

IF THE X-MEN ARE TURNING *BAD,* WHAT CAN ANYBODY DO TO *STOP* 'EM?

...THUS, THE FUGITIVE *CYCLOPS* IS BEING HUNTED FOR *TWO* CRIMES--THE *BRUTAL* MURDER OF THE MAN CALLED THE *PHARAOH*--AND ASSAULTING TWO *POLICEMEN!*

I WON'T *BELIEVE* IT! I JUST *WON'T!*

WHAT *WE* BELIEVE DOESN'T *MATTER! LISTEN--!*

WE'VE *GOT* TO FIND SCOTT BEFORE THE *POLICE* DO!

BUT EVEN IF WE *DO--THEN* WHAT?

WE'LL WORRY ABOUT *THAT* WHEN THE *TIME* COMES! NOW LET'S--*GO!*

WHUH! WHUH!

WHUHM

WHUHM

PD

PDH-SEVENTEEN REPORTING! NO SIGN OF CYCLOPS IN THE FOURTH SECTOR! ANY *FURTHER* ORDERS?

YES--MOVE INTO SECTOR *FIVE* NOW! YOUR *ONLY* STANDING ORDER IS--*FIND THAT MAN!*

THESE NATURAL TUNNELS UNDER PHARAOH'S HEADQUARTERS-- *ALEX* MUST HAVE DISCOVERED THEM--

--AND *DISAPPEARED* DOWN HERE! THE POOR KID *PANICKED!* BUT IF I CAN JUST *FIND* HIM--

AHHHH! A *LIGHT* AHEAD! I CAN SEE A FIGURE OF A *MAN!* IT MUST BE AL--*NO!* IT'S...

THE PHARAOH!

BUT IT *CAN'T* BE! YOU'RE *DEAD!* I *SAW* YOUR *BODY!* AND THEY EVEN CLAIM--I *KILLED* YOU!

LET ME ASSURE YOU --I AM *VERY* MUCH ALIVE! FOR I AM A DIRECT DESCENDANT OF THE *IMMORTAL* ONES! PHARAOHS HAVE *10,000 LIVES!*

BUT YOU HAVE ONLY *ONE*--AND IT IS ABOUT TO *END!!*

NEXT:

THE *SECRET* OF *CYCLOPS'* *BROTHER!*

BEGINNING: A NEW CHAPTER FROM THE X-MEN FAMILY ALBUM!

THE MILLION DOLLAR ANGEL

WARREN! COME DOWN FROM THERE, THIS SECOND! THAT TREE IS OVER TWENTY FEET HIGH! EEEEEEK!

EASY, MOM! THERE'S NO PROBLEM! HEIGHTS NEVER FRIGHTENED ME--EVEN WHEN I WAS A BABY!

HEY, POP--I FOUND THOSE PRACTICE GOLF BALLS YOU LOST! A BIRD CARRIED THEM UP HERE! MUST HAVE THOUGHT THEY WERE EGGS! SOME JOKE, HUH?

W--WARREN! COME DOWN, BOY! BUT--NOT TOO FAST!

THIS ANGELIC BIOGRAPHY
EDITED BY.....STAN LEE
WRITTEN BY.....ARNOLD DRAKE
DRAWN BY.....WERNER ROTH

INKED BY: VINNIE COLLETTA

LETTERED BY: ARTIE SIMEK

SUDDENLY!!!

CAWW!

EEEYOW!

LOOK OUT! THAT BIRD! AYEEEE! TOO LATE!

DON'T WORRY, MOM--I'M OKAY! I GRABBED THE NEXT BRANCH!

CRACK!

OOOOPS! THERE GOES THE BRANCH! AND HERE GOES-- M-E-E-E-E!

COME TO THINK OF IT--

--I WAS PRETTY HIGH--

--U-U-U-UP!

LUCKILY--OUR NEW $20,000 SWIMMING POOL WAS RIGHT BELOW! AND IT WAS WORTH EVERY-- (BLUB! BLUB! BLUB!)

SPLASH!

BEG PAHDON, MAHSTAH-- BUT IT MAY TAKE SOME TIME TO DRY THESE TOGS!

HOWEVER, YOU'LL HAVE LITTLE NEED OF THEM FOR THE PRESENT!

RIGHT! THE FOLKS HAVE RESTRICTED ME TO BARRACKS AGAIN! MAN, I SPEND MORE TIME BEHIND LOCKED DOORS THAN BONNIE AND CLYDE EVER DID!

I CAN'T STAND IT! LAST WEEK HE WAS USING THE ROOF FOR A SLIDING POND!

YESTERDAY, HE CHINNED HIMSELF ON THE TV ANTENNA!

AND NOW-- THIS! ISN'T THERE ANYTHING WE CAN DO?

BESIDES NAILING HIM INTO A STEEL-RIBBED TRUNK? HMMMM! HOW ABOUT A GOOD PRIVATE SCHOOL--WITH A HIGH FENCE?

IT WASN'T JUST A *GOOD* SCHOOL--IT WAS THE *BEST!* AND WARREN PROVED A TOP ATHLETE...

WHICH MAKES HIM A *FIVE-* LETTER MAN! HE'S THE *BEST* ON CAMPUS--

--AND HE *KNOWS* IT BETTER THAN ANY-BODY ELSE-- *UNFORTU-NATELY!*

MAN, LOOK AT HIM *GO!* HE'S *SURE* TO WIN HIS LETTER FOR SOCCER!

HE EVEN PULLS DOWN *TOP MARKS* IN EVERY-THING! NO *WONDER* HE THINKS HE'S BETTER THAN ANYBODY!

I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH *BETTER* HE IS--BUT HE SURE IS-- *DIFFERENT!*

HERE'S SOMETHIN' *ELSE* HE'S NUMBER *ONE* AT! HE'S GOT THE BIGGEST *SHOULDER BLADES* IN THE WORLD! GET A *LOAD* OF 'EM!

YOU'RE ABOUT AS FUNNY AS A *HURRICANE* IN A *FEATHER FACTORY!*

HAR!

HAR-

HAR!

HAR-

AND, SPEAKING OF FEATHERS, IT WAS ONLY A NIGHT OR TWO LATER THAT...

WELL, I'LL BE A--! WHERE D'YA SUPPOSE *THIS* CAME FROM?

IT'S *TOO BIG* TO BE FROM MY *PILLOW!* AND THE MATTRESS IS FOAM *RUBBER!*

MATTER OF FACT, THIS THING LOOKS BIG ENOUGH TO BE OFF OF AN EAGLE, OR A *VULTURE,* OR--

W--W--W--WINGS! I'VE GOT--*WINGS!*

I'VE GOTTA GET *OUT* OF HERE--BEFORE THE *ADMINISTRATION* FINDS OUT ABOUT 'EM!

THEY'D TURN ME OVER TO *BIO LAB...* AS A *GUINEA PIG!*

THANK HEAVEN THEY'RE SO *SMALL...* AND SO *USELESS!*

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AND SO, WARREN BEGAN A CAMPAIGN TO MAKE HIMSELF THE MOST *HATED* KID AT SCHOOL--WHICH WASN'T *TOO* HARD TO DO!

IN *NO* TIME AT ALL, WARREN GOT WHAT HE *WANTED*--ORDERS TO MOVE INTO A *SEPARATE* AND *LONELY* ROOM--!

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DIG THOSE *CRAZY* WINGS! THEY'RE GROWING *BIGGER* EVERY *DAY!*

MAN, THIS *SURE* DOES MAKE ME SOME-THING *SPECIAL!*

YEAH--SPECIALLY *LONELY*--AND SPECIALLY *MISERABLE!* STOP KIDDING YOUR-SELF, CHUM--YOU'RE A...A *FREAK!*

HEY! WHAT'S *THAT?* SMELLS LIKE--*SMOKE!*

SNIEF! SNIEF!

IT *IS* SMOKE! GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE! GRAB SOME CLOTHES AND-- *SCRAM!*

UH-OH! *MORE* TROUBLE! THE FLAMES'VE CUT OFF THE *STAIR-CASE!*

GOT NO *CHOICE,* NOW--HAVE TO DO IT THE *HARD* WAY! OUT THE *WINDOW!*

I GOT SOME *CLOTHES* DUMPED SAFELY! BUT CLOTHES DON'T HAVE ANY *BONES* IN 'EM--

--AND *I* DO! OKAY, BONES--HANG *LOOSE!* 'CAUSE HERE WE-- *GO!*

HEY--THE *WINGS*--THEY'RE SLOWING MY *FALL!* AND WHEN I *MOVE* THEM--

I--I-- I CAN *FLY!!!*

AND HERE ARE THE CLOTHES I DROPPED! NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS--

THAT *CRY!* THERE ARE GUYS STILL *TRAPPED* UPSTAIRS!

HELP!

I CAN FLY A *ROPE* UP TO THEM! AND I KNOW *JUST* WHERE TO GET ONE!

ONLY *TROUBLE* IS, THEY'LL *SEE* THESE WINGS ON ME!

HECK-- THIS IS *NO* TIME TO WORRY ABOUT MY *PRIDE!*

YUP! I *KNEW* THERE WAS ROPE IN THE SCHOOL THEATRE *STOREROOM!*

HMMMMMM! THOSE THEATRICAL PROPS--

--THAT GIVES ME AN *IDEA!* IT'S NUTTY-- BUT SO *WHAT?*

A LONG BLOND *WIG*-- AND A *NIGHTSHIRT!*

THE GUYS'LL NEVER GUESS THE REAL IDENTITY OF THIS --*ANGEL!*

MAN, DO *YOU* SEE WHAT *I* SEE?

I *SEE* IT-- BUT I'M NOT ABOUT TO *BELIEVE* IT!

I DON'T CARE IF *HE'S* FOR REAL-- SO LONG AS THAT *ROPE* IS!

LOOK AT IT THIS WAY--IF THE ROPE *BREAKS*, WE GOT OUR *OWN* ANGEL TO CARRY US STRAIGHT TO *HEAVEN!*

HEY--IT'S *WORKIN'!!*

YOU *BET'CHYA!* NOW *WHERE'S* THAT ANGEL? GOTTA *THANK* HIM!

THERE HE *GOES*-- FLYIN' OFF! I'M SURE GLAD WE *ALL* SAW HIM TOGETHER--OR I'D TURN MYSELF IN TO THE NEAREST *NUT FACTORY!*

WELL, EVERY-BODY'S CHECKED IN EXCEPT-- *WARREN!* DID *ANYBODY* SEE HIM!

HE'S OVER *HERE*, HEADMASTER! ONLY--*HE* MISSED ALL THE FUN!

YOU *SURE* DID! WE GOT OUR-SELVES SAVED-- BY A *REAL LIVE ANGEL!*

HOW *NICE!* AND DID *PETER RABBIT* AND *CHICKEN LICKEN* COME TO YOUR PARTY, TOO?

OKAY, *MR. WISE-ACRE OF 1963*-- DON'T BELIEVE US! BUT THERE *IS* A FABULOUS CHARACTER WITH WINGS FLYING AROUND HERE!

AND *WE'RE* GONNA FIND OUT WHO IT *IS!*

NEXT **WHERE ANGELS DARE TO TREAD!**

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